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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 12.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 22nd SEPTEMBER, 1888.

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THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE, Q.C.

From a photograph by Topley.

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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22nd SEPTEMBER, 1888.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

We had hoped to present our readers, this week, with a double page engraving of the Ontario Parliament; a full page engraving of St. James Cathedral, Toronto; engravings of No. 2 Company of Infantry and officers, and the Royal Yacht Club house, as announced in handbills and in previous issues. But like the farmers, we depend greatly on the weather, and a series of dark rainy days has greatly retarded our work. We had therefore to change our programme for the present issue. The engravings mentioned will, however, soon be ready and will appear in due course.

We have commissioned an artist, Mr. Charles Gall, to take a trip through the Eastern Townships, visiting the principal points, such as Granby, Knowlton, Waterloo, Farnham, Stanbridge, Magog, Phillipsburg, Richmond and many other places. He will take views of interesting points, towns, public buildings, etc., and make arrangements for photographing and engraving factories and private residences of note, with a view to publication in this journal. Mr. Gall is also authorized to take subscriptions to THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and we look for a large and influential list from the Eastern Townships.

Now that our artists have had their holidays, and that most of the R. C. A.'s have returned to their studios with portfolios full of interesting sketches, we hope to receive from them many drawings in fulfillment of the generous promises made us at the inception of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. So far, the contributions from this source have been few; but the public knows that summer is the harvest time of the artist, when he gathers materials for his winter's work. Now, our readers will be looking for some of the results. Let us hear from you, good friends.

From artists and photographers, professional and amateur, in every part of Canada we ask coöperation. Send us photographs and sketches of general and local interest. In these days of instantaneous photography, when KODAKS and other cameras are in everybody's hands, and pictures of every kind are so easily obtained, we should have views of every occurrence of any note; prints of camp scenes, sporting by lake and stream, in forest and moor; rural life, farm work, lumbering and other things too numerous to mention, pouring in on us from every quarter, so that we would have the *embarras du choix*. And then, the amateur would have the satisfaction of having his work reproduced facsimile, and of imparting some knowledge and pleasure to thousands of readers in every province of the Dominion, and even in the United States and England.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.



We had an interesting paper, last week, on the two Chataqua systems—the American and the Canadian. We may add to the information contained therein, that the Hon. G. W. Ross, Ontario Minister of Education, made a speech at Chataqua Park, on Dominion Day, of which sufficient notice has not been taken. Mr. Ross spoke like a patriot and a true Canadian, and we put a sample of his utterance in a separate paragraph.

"We have a vast extent of territory; in shipping, we are the fifth power in the world, being ahead of France, Russia, Italy and some of the other great powers; we have the longest line of railway on earth; in every way we are holding our own, with nothing to be ashamed of, and everything to be proud of. Those now living might see this country a nation, powerful among the nations of the earth." That is the way to talk, unheeding the claims of party, which are available only in their place. Mr. Ross' forecast will be fulfilled. Before this century is over, Canada will stand fourth or fifth among the nations in her material progress and resources.

We have several times called attention to fruit as an article of food. Beside the examples already given, we may, from personal knowledge, recommend the banana as wholesome and nourishing. One pound of banana is said to be as nutritive as one pound of meat. It may also be looked upon as condensed milk, its composition being seventy-four per cent. water, twenty per cent. fuel, five per cent. flesh-former, and seven-tenths per cent. mineral; while milk contains eighty-six per cent. water, nine per cent. fuel, four per cent. flesh-former, and seven-tenths per cent. mineral.

There are periodical uprisings of the veil which throw sad light on our boasted civilization. A New York Legislative Commission makes a report on the Onandagas, one of the legendary Five Nations, who still dwell in their old haunts near Syracuse. The tribe numbers 600, and the reservation is of 7,200 acres, with only 100 under tillage. The men have no more heart for work of the hands than they had one hundred years ago, when they roamed over this same valley, with tomahawk brandished on high.

But this is not the worse of the Indian story. The tribe is divided into so-called Christians and Pagans, with the latter in the majority. Among them there is no tie of wedlock, and women are taken up and cast off, as rags, at the whim of the Pagan brave. It is further said that old heathen ceremonies, and of the vilest description, are still observed, and the whole condition of the people is most deplorable. Surely we do better than that in Canada by our Indians.

Here is a proof of it. The *Little Jester*, a paper published at Battleford—only it should change its name—gives an encouraging view of the Indians—Crees, we imagine—and other tribes of the Upper Saskatchewan. They are devoted to stock raising and farming operations generally. Their crops are all looking well, and there can be no better proof that the Indians themselves have trust in the future than their purchasing, with their own money, farm implements and stock.

The following table will show the number of acres put in crop by each band, and the implements purchased by themselves out of the money they have saved:

Name of Band.	Acres in Grain.	Acres in Roots.	Wagons.	Mowers & Rakes.	Reapers
Moosomin's....	120	15	1	1	0
Stoney.....	62	30	4	0	1
Poundmaker's....	135	12	0	0	0
Little Pine's....	93	15	0	0	1
Red Pheasant's....	128	16	0	1	0
Sweet Grass'....	154	25	1	0	0
Thunder Child's....	137	20	0	0	—
Total.....	839	133	6	2	4

On the other hand, the St. John's *Evening Gazette* comes out with the complaint that there is a great deal of baby farming in the chief city of New Brunswick. Girls leave their babes and the town behind them, and the Christian tax-payer has to foot the bill. The hardship of the payment is not the thing to look at. The everlasting pity is the fall of the young woman, and the heartlessness with which shame impels her to abandon the fruit of her sin—often the more freely to sin again.

"The seven wonders of the world," given below, have been the study of M. Felix Beley, a French political economist, who estimates their cost, thus:

Panama Railway.....	\$12,000,000
Mont Cenis Tunnel.....	16,000,000
Andes Railway.....	30,000,000
St. Godard Tunnel.....	46,000,000
Suez Canal .....	100,000,000
Canadian Pacific Railway.....	120,000,000
Panama Canal (completed).....	180,000,000

Against this the cost of the French-German war was..... \$8,000,000,000  
The American Civil War..... 8,000,000,000

\$504,000,000  
\$16,000,000,000  
The comparison is like a beacon to the eye of the thoughtful lover of his kind. The seven great international enterprises just named cost in all about one-half of the amount paid by France to Germany for war indemnity; one-third of the sum spent yearly to maintain the standing armies of Europe; one-fifteenth of what it cost France and the United States for a single war; the hundredth part of the cost of European wars since Napoleon; and they have added fifteen or twenty fold to the peaceful and prosperous advancement of civilized nations.

The following list, from the *American Book seller*, shows how careful we ought to be in dealing with classic words. To translate the Latin names of towns, in old books and in catalogues, it must be borne in mind that Lugduni signifies Lyons; Lutetiae, Paris; Basileae, Basle; Venet, Venice; Bononiae, Bonn; Londini, London; Coloniae, Cologne; Oxonii, Oxford; Cantabrigiae, Cambridge; Lipsiae, Leipsic; Norimbergae, Nuremberg; Mediolani, Milan; Lovanii, Louvain; Amstelodami, Amsterdam; Antverpiae, Antwerp; and Lugduni Batavorum or Lugduni Bat., Leyden. For Latin scholars, this is very well, but for others accuracy demands the insertion of the preposition *at* or *in*, when translated, as all these names are in the genitive case, according to the classical rule.

We do not wonder that the English were somewhat sceptical at the revelations and discoveries which the Schultz Senate Committee brought to light, last session, on the immense resources of the Athabasca-Mackenzie valley. The *Times* was among the dubious. It has since received fuller information and published two lengthy articles

congratulating Canada upon the good fortune of the discovery of a round million square miles of great resources.

At the Toronto University reception, last week, Lord Stanley complimented the president, Sir Daniel Wilson, on his title which he did not seek, and, in fact, did not want. His Lordship added that the title which Her Majesty had been pleased to confer on him had been worthily won and is worthily worn. In the name of all our readers, and of the friends of education and intellectual culture throughout the Dominion, we join in these good wishes to Sir Daniel.

### IS IT A BACKING DOWN?

As we write these lines, on the point of going to press, we learn from Ottawa that the Government have heard nothing about Newfoundland in regard to the alleged abandonment or postponement of the delegation from that island to treat of the matter of incorporation into the Canadian ring of provinces. And yet the papers had cut and dried the whole story for the public, stating that the people of Newfoundland foresaw a political storm brewing for Canada, out of the Fisheries question, such as they see many an atmospheric one breaking along their own coasts. Naturally, not having been in the trouble beforehand, Newfoundland would want to keep out of it afterward. Of course, those who laid this down as a reason for the abstention of the island, forgot that the latter is as much involved, as a party to it, by the treaty of 1818, and even more, because old Canada—that is, the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada—have changed their form of government since then, whereas the sentinel isle of the gulf is still ruled precisely as it was seventy years ago.

By the time these lines are laid before the reader, the truth will be known whether we are to have a Newfoundland delegation or not, and hence we can venture no comments in the matter. It will be quite enough to say that we see no reason why the present little *inter regnum*, as we may call it, should interfere with the contemplated negotiations. If we understand the matter rightly, the proposed conference at Ottawa is simply preliminary, and nothing definite can be attempted before another year is over. The delegates are expected to lay officially before the Federal Cabinet, first, a balance sheet of the financial condition of the island, which is the point to which the older provinces will look the closest; secondly, an appreciation of the strength of parties and the bent of public feeling, so as to be able to make a reasonable forecast of the upshot out; and, thirdly, whether the influences—two or three in number—which are known to be inexorably opposed to every shape of union, are powerful enough to override the will of the people, who, if they were left untrammeled, would go, in great numbers, for the Confederate scheme, as a possible change for the better. The present is obviously not the time to discuss these contending influences, which are no secret in the Upper Provinces, where regular correspondence, from high sources, has appeared for years in the *Globe* and *Gazette*, and, in the former, Hon. Senator Macdonald has been publishing a series of very searching papers, entitled "Newfoundland and Labrador," written from observations taken *de visu* and *in situ*. The question of union is an important and interesting one, and we believe that we give

the opinion of the majority of our readers when we say that the incorporation of Newfoundland, historically, geographically, socially and commercially so closely allied to us, would be hailed with greeting throughout the Dominion.

### ONE THING OR ANOTHER,

Although there has been little or no stir among the people, the newspapers indulged in floods of writing, and politicians felt called upon to pour forth their eloquence in torrents on the attitude which this country should take in face of the ill-timed threats of the President of the United States. At first, the feeling was sound and universal that Canada should keep cool, as she has done admirably throughout, and stand upon her vested rights without blowing or bluster. Somewhat later, a little weakening was shown, and the counsel was guardedly put forth that the Dominion, while holding her own, should be most careful not to widen the breach with the United States and, in other words, should eat the leek with as good grace as possible.

Now, one thing or the other has to be done. Either we have to be Canadians, first and foremost, to the backbone, now and always, here and everywhere, or we must come out plainly and acknowledge that our allegiance to this land is only half-hearted, and the other half of our likings and longings—because we imagine that one-half of our interests are there—lie beyond the border. There could be no rational reference to party needs in a matter of this kind, as the nation is composed of the two parties, and this question is essentially a national one, affecting each and every member of that nation. There are political crises, among every people, when the government of a country—be it Reform or Conservative, Blue or Red, Grit or Tory—must have the support of every man of every party, without stint, and with no attempt at mental reservation. So long as the danger lasts, and the country is kept in a false position, through no fault of her own, and only to serve the turn of two parties battling for office, on the other side, this unanimous stand ought to be maintained. Once that the need and the tension have ceased and passed away, the parties here shall be at liberty to fall asunder again, and abuse each other with an increase of wrath and billingsgate that shall make up for lost time.

These American friends of ours are admirable in this respect. When they have a contest among themselves they can be very savage, if they choose, and in the actual Presidential strife—although it is milder than usual—many of their writers and speakers are bitterly personal, indeed. Yet, if you attack the fair name of their country, attempt to "steal a march" on them, in any way, they will turn on you to a man and attempt to eat you up. Even literary men from abroad, if they have the misfortune to indulge in any criticism, however gentle, lose their caste forever, as instanced by Mrs. Trollope, Charles Dickens, Matthew Arnold and others. Even Thackeray escaped the same fate, with difficulty. In such circumstances they are no longer Republicans nor Democrats, Northern men nor Southerns. They are Americans, and they brush up their classics so far as to repeat the proud boast of Verres: *Civis Romanus sum*. There is nothing sickly or morbid in that feeling. It is national. It is genuine patriotism. Canadians are fast coming up to the saving standard, and here is an occasion when they ought to live up to it like men.

### LITERARY NOTES.

James Wralinson Waghorn has published a Guide to Manitoba and the Northwest.

T. B. Browning has secured an interim copyright for the "Chart of Elocutionary Drill."

Captain Holowell is again to the fore with a new guide to the city of Quebec and environs, with map.

Hon. Edward Blake has given \$2,500 for scholarships in the Department of Political Science in Toronto University.

Hon. G. W. Ross, of Ontario, Minister of Education, has received the degree of LL.D. from St. Andrew's University.

Mr. Griffin, the author of "Twok," favours us to-day with a thoughtful little paper on the right notion of independence.

The Tourists' Guide to St. John and the Province of New Brunswick is issued by the Canada Railway News Co., of Montreal.

The quaint and original sketch, "Circumstantial Evidence," which appeared in our last issue, is the work of a young Montreal writer of high promise.

The new professors for Queen's College will be appointed next month. One will be from Edinburgh and the other will be a Canadian, and a distinguished one.

The English Dominion Statutes are completed, and will be bound next week ready for distribution. The first volume of the French translation is nearly completed.

Mr. Beaugrand has just put forth a second edition of a novel called "Jeanne, la Fileuse," bearing on the question of French-Canadians in New England factory towns.

"A Modern Titan," in this number, is from the pen of a gifted lady of Montreal, who signs "Akan Adian," in such sketches, but always her own name when she publishes stories or verses.

The opening of the Canadian College in Rome is announced for October. The college has been erected under the superintendence of Father William Leclair and under the auspices of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal.

A pleasant incident of the great Toronto Fair was the presentation, by the Governor-General, in the name of the York Pioneers' Association, of an oil painting of himself to the venerable Dr. Scadding, their president, and the author of "Toronto of Old."

The first free library established in the Dominion of Canada is that of Toronto, and, although it is but four years in existence, it can boast of a large collection of volumes. During the past year about 750,000 people took advantage of the reading-room and books. The library was started by Act of Parliament, the vote submitting the question to the people being carried by a large majority. They were empowered to levy taxes amounting to a half mill on the dollar, but a quarter mill was found to be sufficient.

At a meeting on the 11th June the Canadian Copyright League was formed, and the officers elected were: J. Ross Robertson, President; Geo. M. Rose, Vice-President for Ontario; S. E. Dawson, Montreal; J. McMillan, St. John; A. W. McKinlay, Halifax; Alex. Taylor, Winnipeg; T. N. Hibden, Victoria; Theo. L. Chapple, Charlottetown, Vice-Presidents for the other provinces; R. T. Lancefield, Secretary, with the following Council: Jas. Murray, W. D. Gillean, A. W. Croil, Richard Brown, D. A. Rose, A. S. Irving, W. Bryce, A. F. Rutter, G. M. Adam, D. T. McAinsh and Geo. H. Suckling.

### "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

(TRANSLATED FROM BÉRANGER.)

Ye gods! how fair she is! how bright  
To me her beauty seems!  
Her eyes are full of tender light  
That haunts the soul in dreams.  
No breath of life can sweeter be  
Than hers, beneath the sky—  
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,  
But what a fright am I!

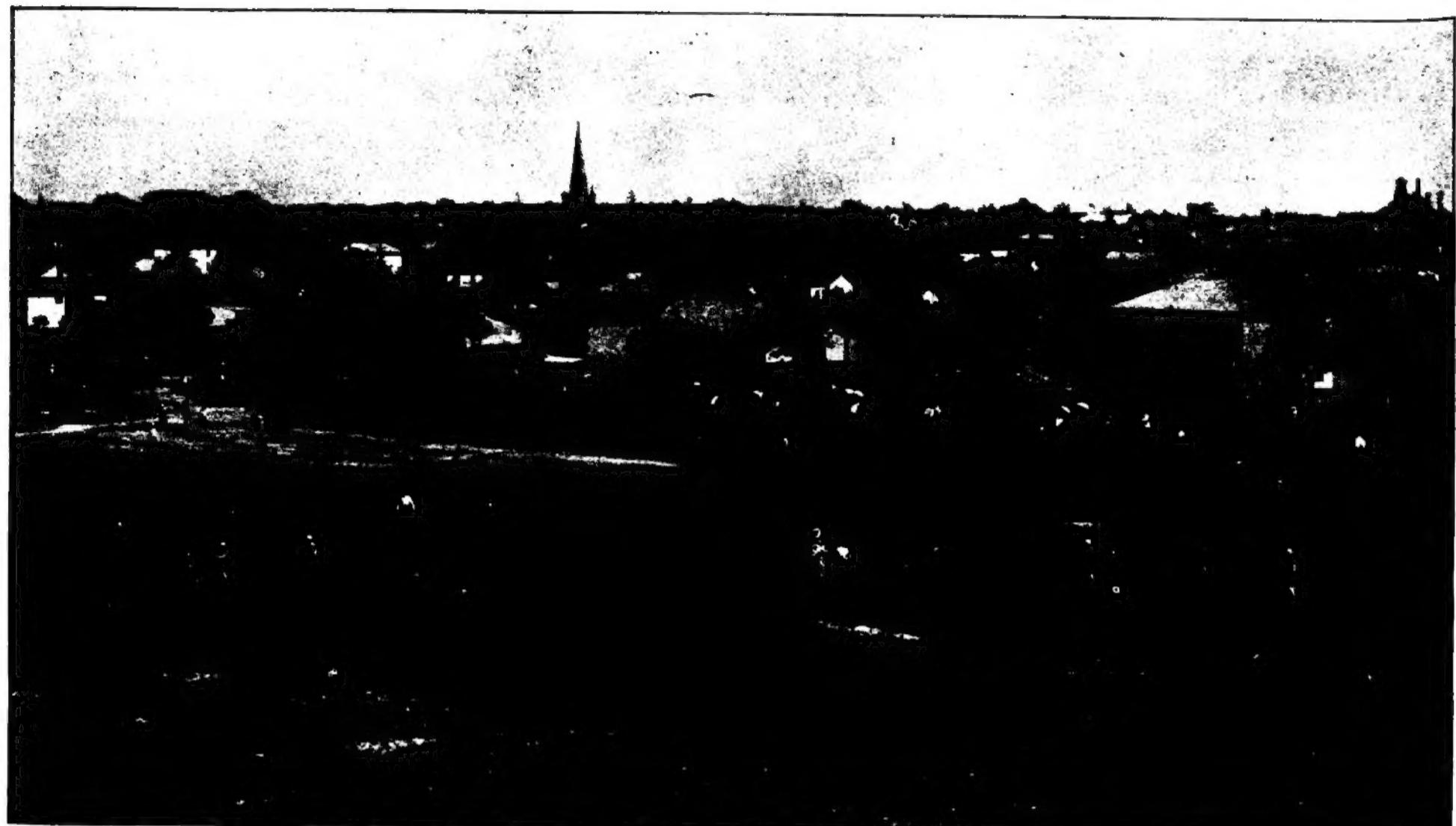
Ye gods! how fair! scarce twenty years  
Have watched her charms unfold:  
Her mouth a budding rose appears,  
Her tresses, molten gold.  
Demure and coy, she fails to see  
Each grace that we descry:  
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,  
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! how exquisite her bloom!  
And yet she loved me well:  
For years I envied men on whom  
Fair women's eyes would dwell.  
Until I won her, Love from me  
Disdainfully would fly—  
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,  
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! she seems more charming now  
For me her passion glows:  
Bald before thirty years, my brow  
To her its garland owes.  
My love shall now no secret be,  
Triumphant I can die—  
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,  
But what a fright am I!

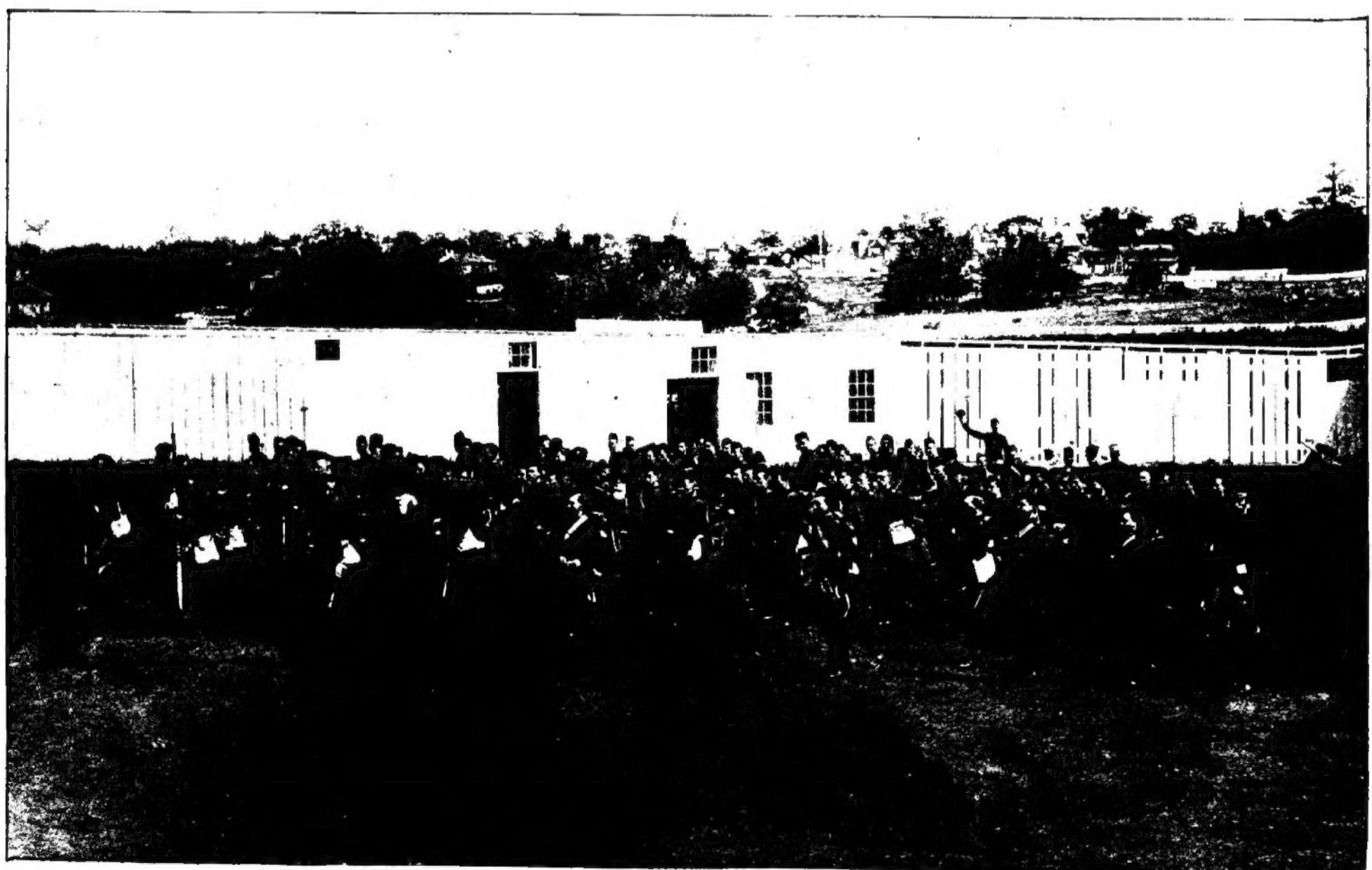
Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.



NIAGARA FALLS TOWN.—A GAME OF LACROSSE.

From an instantaneous photograph by Zyback.



"C" BATTERY, R. C. ARTILLERY, ON PARADE AT VICTORIA, B.C.,  
ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE FOR THE SKEENA.

2nd SEPTEMBER, 1888.

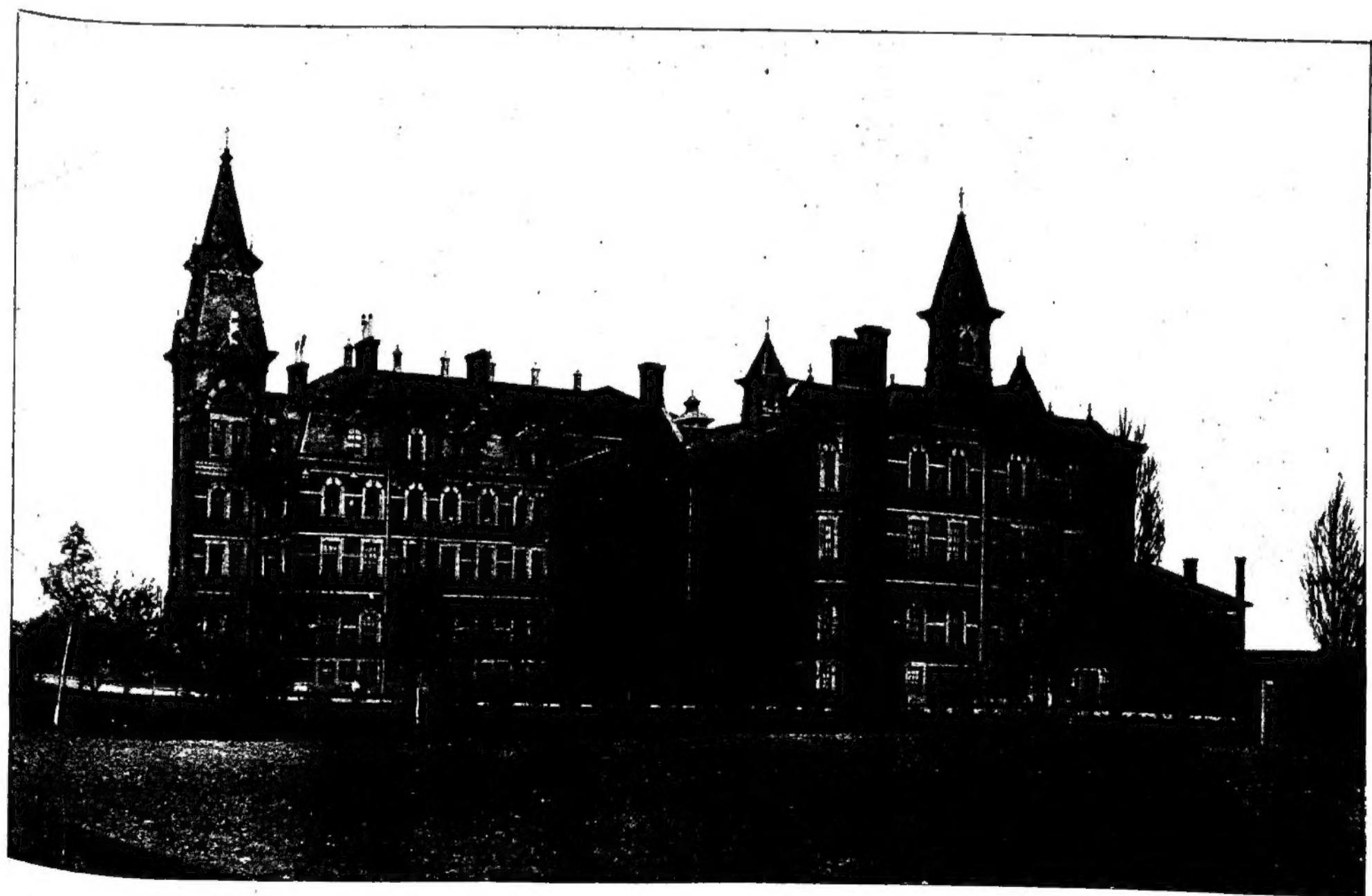
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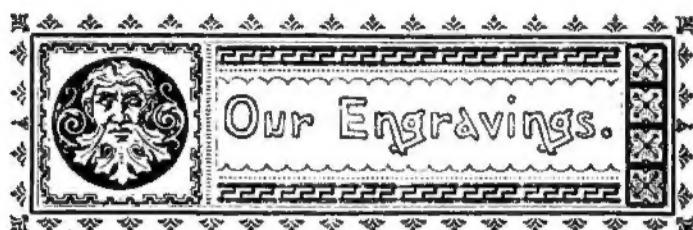
THE BANK OF MONTREAL, TORONTO.

From a photograph by J. B. Clougher.



THE MERCER REFORMATORY, TORONTO.

From a photograph by J. B. Clougher.



**THE SICK MONKEY.**—On the front cover will be found a study of monkeys, by no less an artist than Sir Edwin Landseer. The pathetic expression of the mother monkey nursing the poor, sick one, whose face denotes such patient suffering, is in marked contrast to the greedy look of the healthy fellow on the wall, munching his melon, and caring not a fig for his invalid brother.

**HON. EDWARD BLAKE.**—Among our "Personal Notes," last week, we stated that Mr. Blake's health had greatly improved at Murray Bay, and, to-day, before giving the notes of his biography, we take pleasure in repeating the same. Mr. Blake is of Irish descent, but Canadian born, having seen the light, on the 13th October, 1833, in the Township of Adelaide, Ont. He was educated at Toronto University, where he excelled in all his studies, taking his degree in 1858. He at once embraced the profession of the law and was called to the Bar of U. C. in 1856, attaining the silk gown in 1864. Mr. Blake entered on public life in 1867—the year of Confederation—being returned for South Bruce, in the Ontario Legislature, and rising at once to the front rank of Leader of the Opposition, a position which he held till 1871, when he was called upon to form a government, acting as Premier for about a year. On the formation of the Mackenzie Administration, in 1873, he entered the Cabinet, without office or salary, but remained therein not much above three months. He declined the Chancellorship of Ontario in 1869, and the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the Dominion in 1875, but went into the Government again as Minister of Justice, exchanged to the Presidency of the Council in 1877, and left the administration altogether in the beginning of 1878. He was just returned to the House of Commons, for West Durham, in 1867, and several times afterward by acclamation. In 1878 he was defeated for South Bruce, but got the seat the next year, and since has held the seat for West Durham and West Bruce, which he still occupies. In 1880 Mr. Blake was elected Leader of the Opposition, a difficult position, which he filled till 1887, when persistent ill-health obliged him to withdraw from public life. Friend and foe would be pleased to see Mr. Blake thoroughly restored to his constitutionally strong state of health.

**NIAGARA FALLS TOWN.**—Attention is called to this picture on account of the lacrosse game played on its green, reproduced for this paper by instantaneous photography. The town itself is the oldest in Ontario, and, under the name of Newark, was the first capital of Upper Canada. It is situated on Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the Niagara River, 36 miles from Toronto by water and 15 from Niagara Falls. It was the scene of stirring events from the beginning, and, in 1813, was burned down by General McClure, of the American Army, in his retreat from the North. It is a favourite retreat during the summer months for pleasure and health-seekers.

**C. BATTERY R. C. ARTILLERY.**—This picture, published, for the first time, by ourselves, represents the C Battery, on parade at Victoria, B.C., on their departure for the expedition to the Skeena River. Our readers will remember that we have already given a number of original sketches of this expedition, sent directly to us by Major Peters, of the expedition, and published nowhere else. The Battery have returned to headquarters, at Victoria, all well, and having done their duty like true soldiers and good patriots.

**THE BANK OF MONTREAL, TORONTO.**—Like many other great institutions, the Bank of Montreal makes it a rule to have its branches built in solid and elegant architecture, and with all interior commodities. Its building at Toronto is among the best of this class, as the engraving shows. Its adaptation to the corner of two streets is skilfully managed, while the pilasters, arch and pediment of the front are in excellent taste.

**THE MERCER REFORMATORY.**—Among the benevolent and socially useful institutions of the City of Toronto, there is none to excel the Mercer Reformatory, whose name is known throughout the Dominion. The great pile of buildings, shown in our engraving, is in itself a monument of noble proportions worthy of the objects which it was built to subserve.

**MOUNT CARROLL.**—Here is another of these sublime upheavals of nature, through which our great transcontinental railway is laid out. The towering rocks, snow-capped, and hewn, by the ruff of storms for thousands of years, into points as sharp as needles, look down upon forests of primeval woods, in which the fir, cedar and pine predominate.

**"THE NEW WHIP."** From a painting by Barber.—In the hunting districts of England, and in the home of the Montreal Fox Hounds, also, one of the most interesting of sights are the dog kennels. Like many of the stables there, they are almost palatial, everything being done that hygiene, utility and training can suggest to preserve and improve the health, habits and speed of their canine inhabitants. Rebellion is so thrashed out of the hounds, obedience has so become their second nature, that the veriest stranger may wander amongst packs of them, at any season of the year, unscathed and unarmed, kennelled

closely up as they are. The painter of this picture (in the absence of the keeper) dubs the young heir the "New Whip." The little fellow, donning the cap, coat and whip of the huntsman, wanders amongst the hounds, as he has often done before—though not in uniform—and is received with the cold noses sniffing and baying welcome, common to these followers of the chase. The mock manhood and the real doghood (?) are laughingly and wonderfully portrayed herein, and recall the same artist's works, the "Scratch Pack" and the "Morning Call." Mr. C. Burton Barber would appear to be a painter for pleasure rather than for profit, as his name is not much known beyond where he is most appreciated.

**GRAND METIS.**—Who can count the falls, rapids, cataracts and cascades on the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, below Quebec alone? The Metis are two rivers, entering the south shore of the St. Lawrence. One, called Grand Metis, takes its rise in the northwest angle of the County of Bonaventure, and discharges into an estuary, called Anse aux Snelles. It is a good salmon stream. The Falls of our picture are on this stream. The other, called Little Metis, rises in rear of the Seigniory of Metis, and falls into a small bay, called Little Metis Harbour.

**SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.**—Here is a very familiar scene, of which it may be said that there are very few Canadian or American tourists, visiting the St. Lawrence, who have not got down these glorious falls. It is another example of instantaneous photography, in the front of the boat, just at the beginning of the "pitch."

**THE WOODLAND SPRING.**—A splendid study of girl figure—arms, legs, feet and curve of body. The jug is a huge one, of heavy crockery. It is trouble enough to fill it, keeping it tilted till brimming, and then the children will have a hard time lifting the same and carrying it home by the help of the half-moon handles.

#### POINTS. By ACUS.

At this late day there has arisen a discussion as to whether or not marriage is a failure. It is true that while some marriages are blessed with joy unspeakable, others are blighted with misery extreme. And the latter is about as frequently the case as the former. The root of much matrimonial evil is when a maiden marries in the hope of reclaiming her lover. Fair ideals are always so different from dull realities. The prismatic tinges of a maiden's fairy fancy that blossom in the honeymoon she thinks will last. They seldom or never last, and they die slow in a woman, and their death is sometimes painful. Ambitious men do not always make the best husbands, and too strict application to business is sometimes construed into neglect to one's better half. And intellectual ladies, if we are to believe some stories we hear, do not always make the best wives. The question has been put thus, wittily :

But oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,  
Inform us truly,—haven't they hen-pecked you all?

As the advent of the railroad is considered to be a harbinger of prosperity, it seems odd to find it greeted with murmurs. But labourers in the phosphate districts are complaining that, before the advent of the iron horse, any number of men and horses were employed in carting the phosphate, but now, alas! it is carried off in box-cars. And the poor carters have their hands in their pockets. Farmers also complain that whereas, before the advent of the railroad, they could get their own prices for hay; now, if one sticks at the price, he can send somewhere else for a carload that is cheaper. And expensive hay is a drug on the market. It appears, therefore, that to do a great good, the railroad has unintentionally done a little evil.

How elevating is the influence upon our spirits of the blessed sunlight. What a depressing effect has the presence of gloom. In the month of November they say that in London there are more suicides than in any other month. The clouds, which figuratively darken one's horizon, are so intensified by the presence of material clouds. Under such bright skies as ours, laughter comes easy. Perhaps it is partly because she has such sunny skies that America is unique with her humourists and laughter-loving people. I know it is not a perfect picture that has not a cloud in the sky, but let it be a transparent cloud. Bright enough to be cheerful, and cool enough to be bracing, that is the weather for us.

We are so busy living that we have no time to think of dying. In a spiritual way, this is em-

phasized often enough; but it is also true from a material and business point of view. They tell us that a very common occurrence, among testators who defer the making of their wills until the last moment, is that they generally undertake to bequeath considerably more than they possess. It is often enough the case in this world that one's heart is fuller than his purse, a circumstance which one may not perhaps perceive, when the film is gathering over his eyes. With a mind wasted by disease, and hurried lest the strength should wane too soon, the patient frequently undertakes to straighten out, in a few minutes, affairs that might puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. It is fortunate, but not very frequent, if one can lay his hand on a convenient executor, who will undertake (as the law books say) "to answer damages out of his own estate."

The clergy expect too much of their parishioners, and the parishioners expect too much of their clergy. The preacher lectures his congregation on temptations to which he is never exposed, and the congregation look for divinity in their preacher, who, like themselves, is only human. But the clergyman, with all his humanity, has an awful responsibility. If, instead of strengthening the weak hands and confirming the feeble knees, he becomes like a wolf in sheep's clothing, he is not to be envied his reward in heaven. Clerical errors of late are becoming alarmingly frequent. But the question is not so much, What are men without religion? as it is, What would they be without it?

The two most common faults of expression are slang and defective spelling. While slang is regarded, by people of taste, with great disfavour, there seems really to be very little use in preaching against it. The people who never use slang are the only ones who will listen to such advice. The good authors are against it, but, then, users of slang are seldom readers of classics. Like punning, it becomes eventually a disease. Unless we except certain humourists of the Josh Billings stamp, bad spelling is hardly made an object of cultivation. Slang, however, is cultivated, and is therefore a greater fault than bad spelling. The best spellers are perhaps those who have an eye for form. They know they are correct by remembering how the word looks. George Augustus Sala is said to be a distinguished follower of this system. Bad spelling should certainly be regarded with greater aversion than was manifested by poor Hannah Jade:

Her "dear" she spelled with double e,  
Her "kiss" with but one s;  
But when one's crazed with passion,  
What's a letter more or less?

#### OUR TRUE INDEPENDENCE.

The most effective reply that the Dominion Parliament could make to President Cleveland's threats of retaliation would be at once to vote sufficient money to complete our canal system, construct the shortest possible railway through Canadian territory to the Maritime Provinces, and put the harbours of Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax in such condition that no American port could compete with them for Canadian trade. The importance of the first and second measures, from a national standpoint, is evident. That the third is also urgent, I now propose to show.

A few million dollars expended in improving these harbours and making them free for all classes of vessels would make us entirely independent of American ports. If the long-talked-of improvements in Montreal harbour were carried out, and the port made absolutely free, it would have no rival during the summer months, and not only would it monopolize the export and import trade of Central and Western Canada, but most of the foreign trade of the Northwestern States would also come and go this way. Montreal is several hundred miles nearer to the American Northwest than New York and Boston, and nearer to Liverpool than either of those cities. Trade will seek the nearest outlet, if adequate facilities are provided for handling it cheaply. The ports of the Maritime Provinces are a little farther from

Montreal than are those of the United States, but they are very much nearer Europe and have the advantage of cheap coal close at hand, while there is no coal on the Atlantic coast of the United States. The journey from Montreal to New York is shorter than that from Montreal to Halifax; but going toward New York the traveller is getting farther from Europe with every mile he travels, while journeying toward Halifax he approaches nearer to Europe with every turn of the wheels. The railway train moves faster than the ocean steamer; and so the shortest route to Europe, both in winter and summer, is by way of Halifax. But the Canadian ports are not so well equipped as the American ports; the charges are higher and the facilities for handling trade are not so good. If Canadians are to have the commercial supremacy of the continent, to which the geographical position of Canada entitles them, the Canadian ports must be made at least equal to those of the United States and all port charges must be abolished.

No doubt the necessary port facilities would, in course of years, be provided by private enterprise; but, in view of the unfriendly attitude of the neighbouring republic, we cannot afford to wait for private enterprise. Had we waited for private enterprise to construct a road to the Pacific, the Northwest would still be a great lone land and British Columbia would probably be a state of the American Union. Free ports, with necessary facilities for handling business, are the perfect complement of our national railway and, if we are to have them in the near future, the Dominion Government will have to pay for them. Does that mean that the money required must come out of the pockets of the people? In one sense it does. The public debt will have to be increased, and the interest on the debt must be paid from the revenues of the Dominion. But the growth of the Dominion would receive a wonderful impetus and, the population being greatly increased, the burden of the debt would be lighter than at present. Moreover, the cost of shipping goods to Europe would be so greatly decreased that every article the farmers have for export would command a better price, and all classes of the community would share in their prosperity. The port charges are a more onerous tax upon the people than the customs duties. In many cases the tariff does not increase the price of the articles we import, home competition forcing the foreign manufacturer to reduce his price; but the port charges, increasing the cost of transportation, are always deducted from the price of the produce we have to sell and often added to the price of the goods we buy.

The increase in the price of goods imported would not be the only gain to the Canadian farmer. The rapid growth of Montreal, St. John and Halifax would create a home market for a great deal of produce that could never be profitably sold in a foreign market. If twenty thousand men be employed in New York, Boston and Portland in handling the export and import trade of Canada, they will consume very little Canadian produce. They may eat a few Canadian eggs and drink considerable extract of Canadian barley, but most of their food supplies will be bought in the United States. If the same twenty thousand men be employed in Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax, almost everything they eat and drink must be provided by Canadian farmers.

MONTREAL.  
WATSON GRIFFIN.

#### TELEGRAPHIC "BULLS."

The public are not generally aware of the great number of simple and ludicrous errors, or "bulls," which is the telegraphic expression, that occur daily in the transmission of messages. These mistakes are largely the outcome of cheap and incompetent operators, of whom all the large offices contain not a few. They are designated as "hams" or "plugs" by the expert members of the profession, and when one of them has the misfortune to make a "bull" in a telegram, it is

generally detected by some member of the craft, more especially if it is a message that has to be repeated to another point. The "bull" then makes the round of the office and is the source of great merriment for a time. Of course, the operator that received the "bulled" message tries to lay the blame on the person that "manipulated the key" at the office from which he received it, and declares "that's the way it came to me." The reader must not imagine that *all* the errors to be quoted below are made by incompetent operators, as such is not the case. The most expert telegrapher sometimes has a telegram brought back to him for correction, through his or her carelessness in failing to notice if the message reads correctly.

A flour dealer was puzzled by receiving the following: "Lowest we can quote 'fourth city'"; the repetition made it: "Lowest we can quote four thirty." Another message should have been addressed to Colwell & Miller, but arrived at its destination "Col. Welles Miller." "O Liver Morey & Co." for Oliver, Emery & Co. caused the receiving operator to scratch his head for a few seconds, but as he was well acquainted with the names of the different firms, he soon discovered to whom it should have been addressed. A message was once received at a certain repeating office with "E E L River" as the destination. It was handed back to the operator that received it, with a request to please make it Eel River, as there was a place bearing that name in New Brunswick. Mr. Paul, of "Milicete Philosophy" fame, would evidently have been quite incensed had he known that the name of his favourite fish had been so mutilated. The person to whom the following was addressed would have been in a great dilemma had it not been corrected before delivery. It read: "Henry Dix among strangers" for "Henry died," etc. Messages for the Todd Milling Co. are very frequently changed to "D D Milling Co." This error is quite easy to make, as in some cases the operator, in sending, writes the word "to" before beginning the address, but in this case the "to" was omitted. About the most mixed up address ever noticed in a telegraph office was in a telegram that should have been addressed to "Legal & Commercial Exchange," but was transposed into the following almost unrecognizable shape: "Legates Co. M. & M. Oil Exchange." It is quite easy to understand how "Legal &" was "bulled," as the telegraphic character for / and / are very similar, / being a long dash (—) and / a short one (—). The character for & is a dot space and three dots (...), which are also the signals used for e and s, with a somewhat longer space between the two. "Mrs. Matt" for "M.s. Small" was detected almost before the ink was dry. One of the most laughable "bulls" ever made was "Schr Eiber" for Schreiber. It was caused by bad spacing on the part of the sending operator and was not noticed by the receiver. It is related by an English writer that a certain station master received a message saying: "Lest two black boys tied together in the waiting-room; please forward by next train." Upon looking in the waiting-room, to his surprise the station master found "two black boxes," which was the original reading of the message. Carelessness on the part of the people who patronize the telegraph causes a great many costly errors, owing to their illegible writing, and, in some cases, the omission of punctuation marks leads to serious consequences, as the following will show: A message had been sent to a doctor to stop him from going on a long journey to see a patient. The message, as the doctor received it, read: "Don't come too late." The omission of a comma after "come" changed the sense of the telegram altogether, as it would then have read: "Don't come, too late." People who send telegrams cannot be too particular in writing and punctuating their messages as plainly and correctly as possible, so as to ensure their correct transmission. It may be safely said that no other class of workers have to rely on their own judgment, in the way of deciphering bad writing, so much as that overworked and underpaid servant of the public—the telegraph operator.

St. John, N. B.

H. H. A.



Nova Scotia has already begun to ship apples to Britain. Nova Scotia has placed her last provincial loan on the market at 105½. How is that for high?

The crops in Manitoba and the Northwest will divide \$16,000,000 among 175,000 people.

Quebec timber is at the present time in a much more healthy condition than it has been for some years previously.

Some of the Lower Province shippers intend sending several tons of pressed hay to hay to Boston to test the market.

The Montreal city assessors show for the last year the total value of city property amounting to \$91,123,825, an increase of \$6,403,760.

The railway across the country from Madawaska to Rivière du Loup is completed, and thus a saving of from 135 to 150 miles is made from St. John to Montreal or Quebec.

A Fort Fairfield, Me., dealer has bought and shipped from Edmundston, N.B., 327 tons of strawberries, blueberries and raspberries this season, paying therefor the round sum of \$30,000.

Six bears crossed the Ottawa River at Pembroke and attacked the town. A terrible panic was caused. Citizens rallied with shotguns. Four were killed and two escaped to the woods. A likely story.

Coal has been discovered on Wolfe Island while some men were sinking a well. The coal runs on a layer about four inches thick and about seven feet from the surface. It is pronounced the Albertite kind.

The Gulf Trading Company proposes to hunt and fish in the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, possess steam vessels and other craft, create fishing stations, and carry on a coasting trade, wrecking operations, and traffic in oil and fish. The head office will be in Montreal, with a capital of \$500,000.

Truro is pointed to as an evidence of the growth of a Nova Scotia town during ten years. It has increased in assessable valuation from \$800,000 to \$1,300,000, and while the total import and export trade from 1874 to 1879 was \$611,280, it has risen in 1882 to 1887 to \$1,240,648, more than 100 per cent. increase.

An attempt is to be made to promote direct trade between Canada and the West Indies by the resumption of steam service between Halifax and Kingston, Jamaica. The Alpha, late of the Cunard line, has been purchased for the service. She will make monthly trips, but the intention is to have her call in the near future at other ports in the West Indies.

The New York *World* gives the following as "What Canada Has Back of Her." It is not very choice in words, and there is more truth than poetry in it:—

Look out, now, Brother Jonathan!  
"Canada has behind her  
The guns of English ironclads"—  
Well armed for war you'll find her.  
She also has and long has had,  
To fortify her altars,  
The "dollars of your daddies," brought  
By thousands of defaulters.

Cashiers she has to fight for her,  
Who've oft braved an examiner,  
And stolen money right and left,  
By force of moral stamina;  
Consider, then, before you taunt  
Her azure nose with scorn,  
How warlike your cashiers would look  
All tooting a fish-horn.

#### FIRST THOUGHTS AND SECOND THOUGHTS.

First thoughts are good, and second thoughts are good;  
Those most enrich us, these do most advise.

First thoughts are like first love, and us surprise  
With sudden bliss—till second thoughts intrude,

Fraught with wise doubts of much to be eschewed,

Not fit; where yet the great danger lies,

Lest while we doubt, the vision from our eyes

Offended pass—thereafter vainly woed.

First thoughts are mistresses with heat pursued

And mad devotion; second thoughts are wives

Oft wed in over-prudence, and a mood

Most passionless. He wiseliest contrives

Who adds the judgment while the love survives;

For so shall second thoughts first thoughts include.

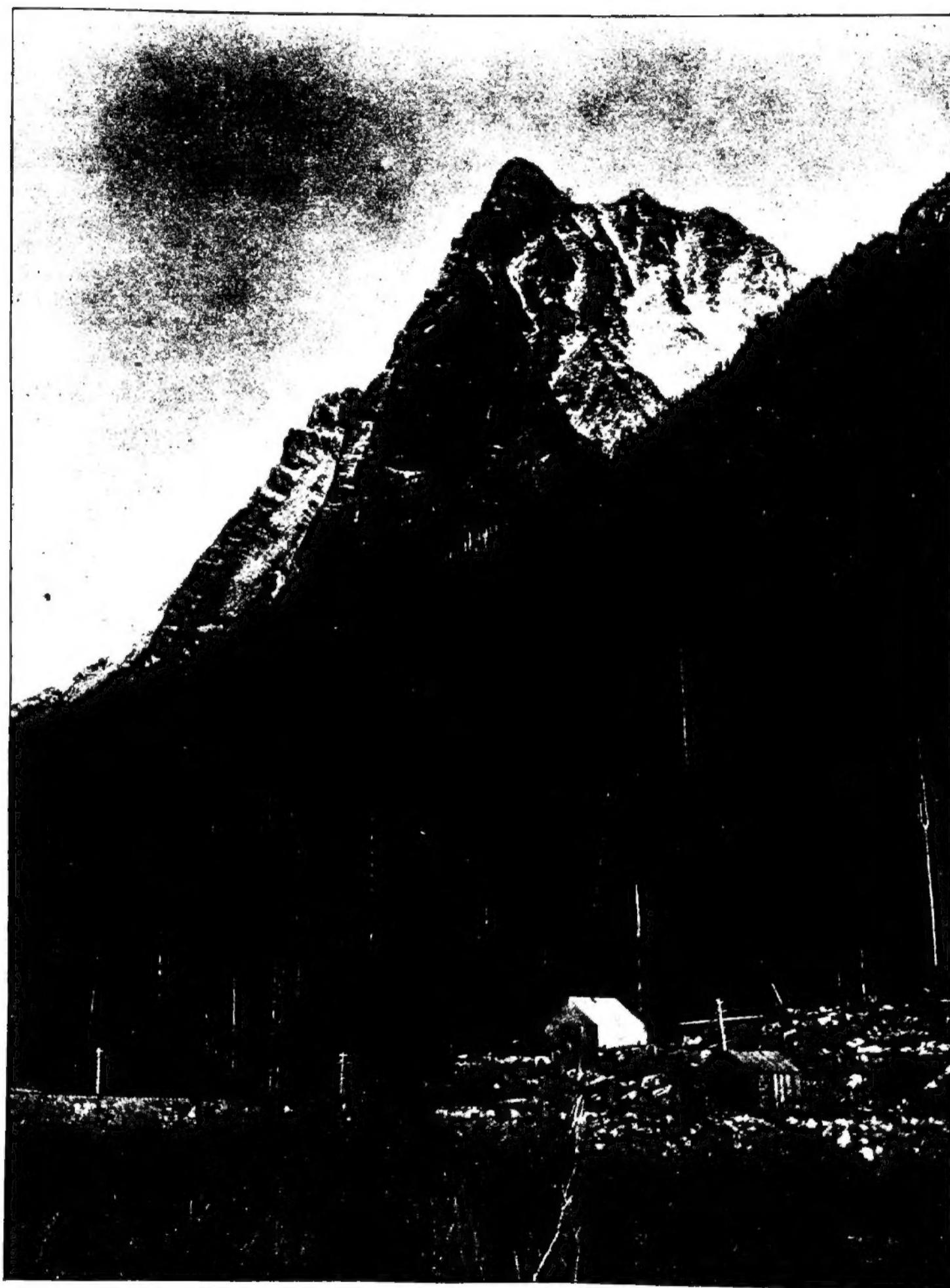
H. M.

#### MILITIA NOTES.

St. Mary's College, Montreal, has authority from the Department at Ottawa to raise a company of Cadets.

Mr. William Burns Thompson Macaulay, R.S.J., 6th Battalion, has been confirmed as Second Lieutenant.

The Guards of Ottawa won the British challenge shield, the Royal Scots second. The Scots won the Gzowski cup, the Guards second.



MOUNT CARROLL, SELKIRKS.

From a photograph by Nutman.



#### THE NEW WHIP.

By C. Button Barber.

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company

## LA SONNAMBULA.

### I.

The people of our large cities cannot boast of much knowledge of Italian opera. The little that they have heard is of an inferior cast—worn voices, broken stage machinery, and weak orchestration. Lovers of music, however,—and they are found everywhere,—do not fail to throng the scene, whenever occasion is furnished of hearing the works of the masters. They overlook the flaws of detail, for the sake of having a taste of the whole, and spending a few hours under the spell of such geniuses as Rossini, Donizetti, or Bellini.

Some years ago a company appeared in the town of my birth, with rather more than the ordinary titles to success. In their repertory there was *La Sonnambula*, in which the part of Amina was uncommonly well done by a young actress from Naples.

Bellini's masterpiece had already been given twice, but the public insisted on a third rehearsal, for the benefit of the young singer who personified the heroine. That night the theatre was crowded from pit to dome. I had bought a box to myself, having a fancy to be alone, on such occasions, for the better enjoyment of the music. I was not destined, however, to have this selfish satisfaction that evening, for, a little before the curtain rose, my friend, Harry Wills, knocked at the door and informed me that Janet Dalton, with her father and mother, had got as far as the lobby, but could not secure seats anywhere. Under ordinary circumstances, I should not have budged from my seat for anybody, but, on this occasion, I arose at once and offered my whole box to the Daltons. My reasons were that Harry was a particular friend of mine; that Janet was my own cousin, and the most charming of my rather many fair cousins, and, further, that Harry and Janet were dead in love with one another. I made Harry take a seat beside his sweetheart, while I retreated to the background of the box, where I enjoyed something of my coveted solitude.

There is no need to enter in a summary of *La Sonnambula*. It must be heard, and heard under favourable conditions, to be rightly appreciated. It bears the same relation to Bellini's *Norma* that Tasso's *Aminta* does to his immortal *Gierusalemme Liberata*. It is a delicious idyl, redolent of spring-time and the dawn, resonant with the song of birds and the joy of happy nature, palpitating with the freshness, the simplicity, the purity of pastoral love.

As I said before, the performance was remarkably good. The beautiful part of Amina was specially well done by the young Neapolitan. Her voice was not of vast power or range, but it was rich in the lower notes, and very sweet in the upper scales. Though I had heard the opera before, in Europe, and by the best artists, I was completely absorbed in the present representation, discovering new beauties therein which I had not hitherto noticed. Indeed, my mind was so fastened on the stage, that I took no heed of my companions in the box, nor of the crowd in the pit and galleries. I did not even feel any weariness on standing upright for nearly three hours.

The last and chief act came on. The young Neapolitan appeared on the thatched roof of her straw hut, and walked down thence across the slender bridge over the mill dam, where the water-wheel boomed and flashed. Her eyes were shut; her hair was fallen; she was clad in her white night-dress, and, in that sorry plight, the sleep-walker traversed the dangerous footpath over the dashing waters—dreaming of love. She had a nosegay of wild flowers in her hand, which she plucked, leaf by leaf, and threw into the flood, while her pale lips whispered the ravishing song:

Ah! non credea mirarti  
Si presto estinto, o fiore!

A pin might have been heard to drop in the vast building. Why, I cannot tell, but just then I happened to glance at my friends before me, and noticed that Janet was a prey to the most violent emotion. Neither her old parents nor Harry had

knowledge of it. She was sobbing silently, and, from the convulsive movements of her shoulders, I could see that she was making vain efforts to withhold herself. My attention was, however, soon withdrawn from her, by the orchestra working itself up for the great conclusion, which I would not have missed for the world. Yes! There it was again, that delightful *rondo*, so full of love, of sweetness and of sorrow. The artist seemed to excel herself in singing it. I, too, wept when I heard:

Ah! non giunge uman pensiero!

The last note had been played, the curtain had already fallen, and still the audience were under the spell of the somnambulist's apparition. Suddenly a cry and acclamation arose, demanding the favourite back before the footlights. In the noise and confusion that ensued, I noticed that the Daltons precipitately left the box, passing before me without a word.

"What is the matter?" I asked of Harry.

"Janet is quite ill," he replied.

I followed them to the main door and called their carriage. Harry offered to accompany them home, but old Uncle Dalton sternly refused.

It was not the first time he had tried the patience of the young man, being opposed to a match between his daughter and Harry, although why, no one could tell. Harry's family was in everyway worth that of the girl. He was of the same wealthy and respectable station in life, and they had loved each other for years.

Harry was deeply stung by the roughness of the old man that night, and said, in a rush of discouragement and disgust, that he was tempted to leave the city for ever and at once. I tried to comfort him, and we walked about the streets a long time, talking about all sorts of things that I brought up to distract him. At length I prevailed on him to put up at my rooms for the rest of the night.

"To-morrow morning," I said, "I shall call on Uncle Dalton myself and argue this matter with him seriously. If he won't listen to me, I am sure my aunt will, for she is my mother's sister, a Talon and a Creole, and a kind, sensible woman, like all Creoles."

With this assurance, we threw away our cigars, and went up to my bachelor's quarters, which were situated nearly opposite the palatial dwelling of the Dalton's, on Olive street.

### II.

Janet was a pale, delicate girl, whose health was always bordering on the first stages of consumption. Medical art had kept her aloof from it so far, but any slight mishap—physical, mental or moral—would be enough to cast her into it, without help. Her father loved her well, but he was a self-willed man, who took upon himself to guide her, according to his own whims, at that critical period of a girl's life—her first love. Janet was a dutiful, good girl, who tried hard to do her father's bidding, but she could not uproot her love, and the very effort to do so harmed her health. It was her misfortune, too, to be very nervous in temperament. The least exciting circumstance set her whole frame going, and even her artistic tastes were often the occasion of keen pain, that marred her otherwise thorough enjoyment of poetry and music.

No one—not even myself—had gloated on the beauties of Bellini's opera as she had. Being a confirmed bachelor, I had no objective love to which I could adapt the situations of *La Sonnambula*, whereas Janet, living wholly and singly in Harry, made him the Count Rodolfo of Bellini's creation, and recognized her own yearnings in those of Amina. The consequence was that while every note of the immortal score sank deep into my heart, soothing and softening the same, it proved for Janet a new language of passionate love, which unstrung her delicate nerves, and plunged her into a storm of feeling that she had neither the physical nor moral strength to withhold. Hence, it was no wonder that, at the end of the performance, she should be very ill.

Not more than three hours had elapsed since we left the theatre, when I fancied I heard some-

one pulling at my night bell. Harry was fast asleep in the next room, and I had most likely slept too, so that I was not quite sure whether there had been ringing or not. A second pull at the wire, however, left me in no doubt. I ran to the window and asked who was there.

"Tis me, Mas'r Laclede."

I recognized the voice of old Dada, Aunt Dalton's fat cook.

"Massa an' missus wants you to come over right away, Lal."

Remembering Janet's illness, and fearing that something was wrong, I hastily slipped on my clothes, and darted down the stairs. Nancy was already gone, and I crossed the street at once. On coming to the front door, it was opened by the cook, who exclaimed, breathlessly:

"Run into the garden, Lal, dear; run!"

I rushed in the direction pointed out, and, in a moment, reached the scene of consternation. In the vast garden there was a long bower built for the propping of vines, which my uncle was very fond of raising. This bower was terminated by a pavilion, some fourteen feet high, in a yet unfinished state. This he meant for a summer house, and, with that view, was setting up stone tables and seats in it. On my coming up, what was my amazement to find that Janet had climbed to the top of the pavilion, and was slowly walking along its edge. She had a bunch of flowers in her hand, the same that I had seen Harry give her at the opera. Her eyes were shut; she was barefoot, and had her night-clothes on.

"Sommambulism!" I whispered to my uncle and aunt.

"Yes, and all on account of that confounded opera," muttered the old man.

"Never mind the cause!" exclaimed the anxious mother. "Laclede, my boy, you must help us to rescue our child from her perilous position. I am almost paralyzed with fear."

The position was indeed dangerous. Janet had already been called by name, but had given no answer. To call her too gruffly or loudly might startle her and cause her to lose her footing. To apply a ladder to the framework of the pavilion was out of the question, as it hardly held together. It swayed and cracked even under Janet's gentle, measured tread. If she awoke suddenly, she would certainly fall; if she awoke gradually, she could not possibly find her way down with safety. In either case, she would inevitably be precipitated on the fragments of stone and marble below, and, from such a height, the fall would be deadly. The only hope of rescue was to have her come down in her sleep-walking state. She would thus come down as safely, although unaccountably, as she had gone up. But how was this to be carried out? I imparted my notion to the father and mother, who approved it, but were equally at a loss how to put it through. At last, a bright thought struck me.

"Will you let me do just what I want?" I asked them.

"Oh, yes, yes!" they both exclaimed, "but be quick. Save our child and we shall be forever grateful to you."

### III.

Without saying more, I rushed out of the garden, through the house, and across the street to my rooms. I pulled Harry out of bed and, in a few short words, laid the matter before him.

"There is your providential opportunity, my boy," I said. "Take my guitar from the wall there and come along."

In five minutes we were back into the garden. I pushed Harry behind a huge catalpa, and then walked up to the pavilion.

"Well?" said my uncle and aunt together.

"All right!" I answered.

Just then the sweet sounds of the guitar were heard, preluding an air of *La Sonnambula*.

My uncle and aunt looked at me.

"Pst!" I whispered, putting my finger on my lips.

Then, in a soft, mellow voice—Harry had a very fair tenor—was repeated the following:

Ah! non giunge . . . .

The effect was magical. Janet dropped her flowers, raised her fair face to the moonlight, and, with a sweet smile of happiness, came down slowly from the pavilion to the bower, and along the shafts of the bower to a slanting beam that reached to the ground. Her father and mother rushed up to her.

"You are saved, my child!"

Janet opened her eyes, looked about her as if to gather her senses, and said, with trembling lips:

"Whose voice was that I heard?"

Then, in a few words, all was explained. Harry came forward from his hiding place behind the trellis, and by the time we reached the house, peace and serenity had taken the place of anxiety and fear.

Janet had had a dream in her sleep-walk, and that dream was now to have a blessed fulfilment. We had always been good friends from childhood, but, of course, I am now a favourite, and ever welcome at Janet Wills'. On her wedding day I made her the present of a splendidly bound copy of *La Sonnambula*, and we sometimes play from it together.

It was only a few months ago that, having her little Rita on my knee, I asked the child:

"Will you be a dreamer, like your mother, dear?"

And Janet answered for her:

"No, no! Such dreams are dreadful, and it is only once in a lifetime that they turn out well."

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

### "HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND WEALTHY."

The Boston *Advertiser* solves it in the following words:

Don't worry. "Seek peace and pursue it." Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long." Work like a man but don't be worked to death. Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease." Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's passion may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't over eat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!"

### THE THREE ARCHANGELS' HYMN.

FROM FAUST.

Raphael.

The sun tunes in its ancient way  
Its rival song with brother-spheres,  
And, thunder-treading, doth obey  
The written round of ordered years ;  
Its countenance gives angels strength,  
Though none may tell its depth sublime ;  
The high works, past all reason's length,  
Excel as at the birth of Time.

Gabriel.

And swift—beyond conception, swift  
The fair earth spins its circling flight,  
And all its Eden-light doth shift  
To deep and dreadful shades of night ;  
The sea flows ; its broad waves are flung  
From lowest depths 'gainst rocky piers,  
And rocks and sea are torn along  
In the eternal race of spheres.

Michael.

And storms roar loud in rival sound  
From sea to land, from land to sea,  
And, raging, bind a chain around  
Of awful moving mystery ;  
Destruction flames its flashing sword  
Before the thunders take their way ;  
But all Thy servants worship, Lord,  
The gentle changes of Thy day.

Chorus.

Thy countenance gives angels strength,  
Though none may know thee, All-sublime,  
And all Thy works, past reason's length,  
Excel as at the birth of Time.

SAREPTA.

### RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

I am at a loss whether I should use the word "pencil" in the singular or the plural. My instrument is a long hexagonal piece of cedar, broad and strong, with blue lead or graphite, at the one end, and red at the other. Practically it is one pencil in two. The red I shall use to annotate verse; the blue will be employed in marking prose. Hence, I had better say that I employ two pencils.

Dr. Benning, a German official, publishes the interesting claim that it is a mistake to assume that the word England is derived from the Angles, or their district in Schleswig. He insists that the word originated from the Engern, who were a numerous and powerful Saxon tribe from the banks of the Weser, and probably formed the bulk of the Saxon settlers. His theory is very interesting and plausible, and a good deal of proof is marshalled in its support.

An old friend congratulates the editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED upon his "excellent paper." He says:—"Like editor, like paper: like parson, like people; like mistress, like maid; like master, like man." Here is a bit of alliteration which is complimentary of itself. An editor does certainly wield an amount of power, which increases in importance the more he wins the trust of his readers.

My friend wants to tell the reader the three true lessons of life:—

- I. Invincible Good Humour.
- II. Infinite Patience.
- III. Undying Hope.

Unless we begin, or supplement them with a LOVING HEART.

Let each of my readers say over these ten words to himself, every day, and many times a day and he will soon be strangely, curiously happy and immortally good.

A. T. Ching is amused at the guileless heathen-Chinee biting sarcasm of the assertion, in an editorial of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, for August 25th, that "the farmers rule the province." He says that farmers everywhere are mere kine for lawyers and liars (a Hindoo pronounces both words alike "leier" and "leyer"), to milk, as milkmen milk cows and ants milk aphides.

"F. R. K." was puzzled for a long time over one of our editorial articles, because he took it that Quebec city was meant instead of Quebec Province. He says that homonyms, nay homograms are as misleading and vexing as bouquet in French, meaning plant, blossom and posy; flower in English, meaning flower and blossom; hog, in Leicestershire, meaning both a pig and a 3-year old sheep; eglantine, meaning a wild rose and a honey suckle. *Kai ta loipa*.

It is seldom that a good thing from a Canadian pen escapes me, and when I do get it, I like to lay it before my readers. The latter remember, of course, the following beautiful hymn, by Cowper, one of the Olney Hymn Collection.

O, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His Word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed  
How sweet their memory still ?  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet Messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

Now, here is the translation by the Rev. Duncan Morrison, M.A., of Owen Sound, if I mistake not.

Ultimum sanction vita,  
Serena, pura mens  
Sit mihi ; lux in via —  
Lux semper candescens !

Oh, ubi est beatitas  
Quum Dominum vidi ;  
Et Jesu vox tam recreans  
His fessis in corde ?

Quietis quales horae  
Sum olim fructus !  
Quam sauve sunt memoriae ;  
Sed sauvius redditus.

An hi dies prateriti  
Et acti, Domine ?  
Liquescent vacuum quod mundi  
Non possint implore.

O, columba sancta, resili,  
Tu pacis nuncia ;  
Peccatum dolens te odi  
Fugans ab hoc pectori.

Dulcissimum idolum  
Quod novi, juva me  
Deponere id ut colam  
O, Deus, solum te.

Sic vita Deo stricta,  
Et mi serena mens ;  
Sic sancta lux in via —  
Lux semper candescens,

I am asked to draw attention to the loss occasioned yearly through the habit of wasting corn-husks, by letting them rot in the barnyard. Soak them in water and add a little salt, and they make appetising food for neat and kine. They make the best stuffing for beds, ticks and mattresses. Plait them and they make the strongest of ropes. Sew the "plait" together, in oval or circle, and they make a handsome door mat which will never wear out.

Dye the husks before plaiting them and obey the laws of complementary colours, in harmonizing the tints (red and green, blue and orange, black and scarlet, greenish yellow and violet, orange yellow and indigo, going together with blackest black and vivid white to "pick" them out), and these mats become things of beauty and, therefore, joys forever. Bleach the finest inmost husking and dye them and they make the daintiest and nattiest table mats. Put a stop to this and get people to grow apple-tree hedges from seed and you will eternally oblige.

"F. C. E." writes about what he calls a graceful quotation from Propertius, in a recent issue of the paper, to remind me of an exquisite stanza which Gray, with his almost morbid love of ideal perfection, excised from the later editions of his "L. E. G." (my friend's abbreviation of Elegy).

Here scattered oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found,  
The nodding primrose blooms and nestles here,  
And branching oxlips brightly star the ground.

Of course, over the grave of his ideal self Gray seems to have rejected this verse, because the epitaph ought naturally to follow immediately the line,

Approach and read, for thou canst read, the lay.

My friend thinks that the dubiously courteous words "for thou canst read," would not have been necessary since the Education Act of 1871 came into force, and there is a dash of quiet satire and humour there which the initiated will seize and appreciate.

I am further asked whether

This very source of fount of day,  
Dashed with a wandering speck of grey,  
in the lines

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray.

means that they lived far from worldly strife and their sober wishes never went astray, while it reads to most ears "their sober wishes never learned to stray from worldly strife."

Again, is it perfect to have two identical rhymes in sequent verses—"nigh," "sigh," "supply," "die"? Should not the stanzas, "Nor you, ye proud" down to "cold ear of death," come just before "Yet e'en these bones." And last, but not least, do we, in Gray's "L. E. G." hear

Gales in very deed and truth  
From distant Eden borne ?

TALON.



THE GRAND METIS FALLS.—SOUTH SHORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, BELOW QUEBEC.  
From a photograph by Henderson



SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.  
From an instantaneous photograph by Henderson

22nd SEPTEMBER, 1888.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

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THE WOODLAND SPRING.



Gen. Laurie, M.P. for Shelburne, has been unseated.  
Honourable Mr. Dewdney was elected by acclamation in East Assiniboina.

Principal Grant, in a letter written about four weeks ago in Australia, speaks of his perfect restoration to health.

A. D. Ramage, of the Ottawa *Citizen*, and correspondent of the *Empire*, has married Miss Kingsbury, of London, Eng.

Mr. Andrew Allan has been in England consulting the other members of the Allan family regarding the advisability of building new vessels.

Hon. Mr. Blake still stops at his favourite watering place, Murray Bay. He is said to be in excellent health, whereat every true Canadian will rejoice.

Admiral Lyons, accompanied by his Flag-Lieutenant, Mr. Harbard, had one day at Montreal. They made a trip down the Lachine Rapids and returned to Quebec, where the Bellerophon awaited them.

Capt. Beeker starts from Brussels on Sunday for the Congo. He proposes with 300 men to explore the northern and eastern regions of the Congo, and it is hoped that he will hear something of Stanley.

We have lately seen a private letter from the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. The familiar handwriting is still plain and firm, betokening a good nerve and a calm mind. This is another cause of congratulation.

The death is announced of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., the naturalist, at the age of 78. He will be remembered by his visits to Canada and the United States, where he pursued the study of zoology and entomology, which resulted in his "Canadian Naturalist" (1840).

The *Mail* thus relates the Baker-Macdonald "incident" at the Kingston Fair: As Sir John Macdonald was leaving the grand stand, a lady, Miss Hulda Baker, of Syracuse, N.Y., stepped forward, and grasping the hand of the Premier, said: "Excuse me, I'm a loyal American subject, but I am bound to say we don't mean to shut the door against you. We are going to open it wide." Sir John—"I am sure not. You would not shut it against such a good-looking fellow as me." Miss Baker—"No, sir; I'll be at the door."

With true French gallantry, as the procession swept down the stairs, Hon. Mr. Joly offered his arm to the brave Miss Baker. The episode was the talk of the afternoon. A reporter sought out Miss Baker, and she said to him: "Oh, I was just burning to tell how I felt, and what I know is the sentiment of many, many Americans. I wanted so bad for some one to introduce me, but when I couldn't get it, the impulse came on me to express myself. Please do not give me notoriety."

#### THE WOODBIRD.

A woodbird came to a maiden's cot,  
And chirped and cheeped and twittered and trilled,  
For he was well content with his lot,  
And all the grove with his soul's voice filled.

The bird was free as the fickle wind  
That laid its head in the violet's breast,  
Then laughing rose from his couch to find  
Another bower in the aspen's crest;

Free as the scent of the dew-pearedl rose,  
Free as the clouds that embrace the sky,  
Free as the sun on the sea that glows,  
Free as the moonbeams, and not less shy.

Yet to the maiden's lone cot he came,  
And trilled and chirped and twittered and cheeped,  
While she at him through the vine-clad frame  
Of her one sun-facing lattice peeped.

Her bosom lace then the maid withdrew,  
And made her heart to the sunlight bare.  
Into that nest the little one flew,  
And trilled and cheeped and was happy there.

Flew in and sang, and the passer-by,  
Weary and sad in the lonely grove,  
Found strength and joy in the melody,  
That oftentimes broke with its weight of love.

But maidens' hearts are uncertain things.  
The maiden tired of the woodbird's song,  
And bade it spread its unfolded wings  
And fly away; it had stayed too long.

Had stayed too long! How bitterly true:  
Freedom incarnate the bird had come,  
But now its pinions no longer knew  
An airy way to a kindlier home.

It could not part from its long-loved nest.  
She cast it forth, oh! the bitter wrong,  
It fell to earth and it died distressed,  
And silence brooded where once was song.

Chateauguay Basin.

ARTHUR WEIR.

#### HISTORICAL COLUMN.

One of the objects of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is to promote research into that mine of treasure which has indeed been explored to some extent, but is as yet virtually unknown—the history of Canada—from the beginning to our day—a stretch of nearly 300 years.

The special work of the column will be to enquire into all kinds of odds and ends respecting the origin of names and places; the difficulties of cartology and geographical location; the meaning of Indian words; the lineage of families; the corruption of old names through English and American spelling, and a score of other such curiosities.

Communications are expected from all quarters of the Dominion—Newfoundland to British Columbia. There is a vast deal of important material lying idle throughout Ontario which can easily be brought to light and life. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, P. E. Island are not sufficiently known, though they have secular traditions about them. The Northwest and the Pacific Coast are also replete with stores of scenes, adventure and self-sacrifice.

The column will be in competent hands, whose labours will be strengthened by all manner of old books and manuscripts, and the society of men learned in this special branch of research. All communications will be classified and printed in proper order, with the names of the writers, unless otherwise directed.

A beginning will be made by a "find" abridged from the Toronto *Telegram*. A friend of Mr. James Bain, the librarian of the Toronto Public Library came across twenty-four volumes of MSS., concerning the earliest days of Toronto and its vicinity. These books were the property of David William Smith, the Surveyor-General, and contain records of all his land, which embraced twenty thousand acres in different sections of Ontario, including 62 town lots in the original city of Toronto and about 400 farm lots outside the then limits of the city, but now part and parcel of the city of Toronto.

These books have likewise a plan of Toronto, a few months after the arrival of Governor Simcoe, and a map of the harbour. They contain also, the first known plan of any building in Toronto, situated at Marysville, at the foot of Ontario street on the lake shore. The site of the Parliament Houses is also given. Palace street is spoken of as being formerly called King Street, Duke as Duchess street. This conflict of names has often puzzled men who have been searching titles, but the cause is now explained. The volumes which have been found contain the original minutes of the Government Council of 1796-97 up to 1800, with original letters of Governor Simcoe and other MSS.

"Buona Vista," not "Buena Vista," was the right name of Newfoundland. The first is Italian; the second Spanish, and Sebastian Cabot, the discoverer, on the 20th June, 1497, was of Italian birth. It is probable that to him is also due the name Cape St. Francis, as he was, like Columbus, a member of the third order of Francesco d'Asisi.

Another pretty name on the Newfoundland coast, is Catalina, softened from Catarina or St. Catharine's Haven, from the patron of Siena, where Jacques Cartier landed, on his first voyage, in 1534. Dr. Howley, in his "New Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland," concludes that the first mass ever said in North America was at that point, inasmuch as it is now established beyond doubt, according to M. Chauveau, that Cartier had priests with him, on his first two voyages.

Another interesting event about Newfoundland was the fruitless attempt at settlement by Lord Baltimore (Sir George Calvert), in 1622, where 20 or 30 thousand pounds were squandered on the barren rocks of Ferryland, or misused by dishonest agents, as in our day. The Irish baronet then sailed south to Maryland, whose chief seaport still bears his name.

It is hard to get at the right spelling of the name of the man who commanded the first French expedition to the New World and who is said to

have first used the term of "New France." Is it Verrazani, Verrazano, Verrazzano, or Verezano? The Florence register, of about 1480, gives Giovanni da Verrazano, son of Piero Andrea da Verrazano and Fiametta Capella. In 1623, Silveira, Portuguese ambassador, in France, calls him João Verezano. Most modern writers use Verezani. Murphy has Verrazzano throughout his work.

Toronto is said to be a Huron word meaning a "Trysting Place," while Ontario or Skanadorio means "Beautiful Lake," in the tongue of the Hurons and Algonquins who dwelt upon its shores. The Outouacs or Ottawas, as we learn from the *Relation of 1671*, was the name given to all the savages on the river of the same name, who went to Montreal and Quebec with furs.

Winnipeg—French, Ouiniipeg—means "Stinking Water" in Algonquin. The *Relation of 1640* says that the Ouiniipegous, (Lake Winnipegoosis), are thus called because they come from the shores of a sea of which we have no knowledge. Hence, rightly speaking, they should be called "The Nation of the Sea," and not "The nation of Stinkers."

In the *Relation of 1647-48* we read that, on the shores of Green Bay, there dwell a people of a tongue neither Algonquin nor Huron. These people are called "Puants" by the French, not on account of any unpleasant smell peculiar to them, but because they claim to come from a distant sea, toward the west, the waters of which are salt, whence they call themselves the "People of the Stinking Water."

The tribes of the Ottawa Indians are known as far back as the Intendant Duchesneau:—Themistamens (Temiscamings), Nepisseriens (Nipessings), Missisakis, Amicouës, Sauteurs (Ojibways), Kiskakons and Thionontatorons (Petun Hurons).

We have also from the great Intendant Talon, the names of nearly all the fourteen tribes gathered at the Sault Ste. Marie, on the 14th June, 1671, to meet the Sieur Saint Lusson, who went forth, by the orders of Talon, to Lake Superior, in search of copper mines, and to hunt with the natives. Among these Indians were: Achipoes (Chippeways or Ojibways), Pouleattemis (Potowatamies), Oumalominis (Menomenees), Illinois and Mascoutins.

The Jesuit Relations, which were scarce some years ago, are now accessible enough. They are of the utmost value for certain periods, as without them much would not be known which they rescued from oblivion. Bancroft, Sparks, and especially Parkman, speak highly of them as historically authentic and trustworthy. In 1664 Father du Creux, or Creuxius, summarized them in his *Historiae Canadensis seu Novae Franciae libri decem*. "Ten books of the history of Canada or New France."

**HOW TO EAT A CUCUMBER.**—"Cool as a cucumber," says an exchange, is scientifically correct. An investigation in England showed this vegetable to have a temperature one degree below that of the surrounding atmosphere. "Cucumbers," says that genial judge of good things, Francis B. Thurber, "seldom disagree with the stomach when taken with plenty of pepper and salt, and never when claret is used as a beverage." He says: "I like to take them from the vines in my garden, peel them, slice them down the centre nearly to the end, so that the four quarters will open, sprinkle in some pepper and salt, and, pressing the quarters together, eat them as I would an apple. Any cucumber thus obtained from the vines in the cool of the morning is delicious, but those having many spines or prickles I have usually found to be the crispest and best."

Beer is still king in England. According to the latest parliamentary returns \$7,500,000 was received for beer licenses in England last year, and as an intimation of where the profits go it is announced that Lord Lansdowne has just sold three of his finest pictures, two Rembrandts and a Carp, for \$250,000 to Sir Arthur Guinness, who has made his money in brewing beer.

## A MODERN TITAN.

AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST'S EXPERIENCE.

There she stood, not five feet two. Pretty? Well, that's a matter of taste. Little, alert head, eager eyes, well dressed, dainty figure, movements not ungraceful, but resolute to a degree. There was something not defiant, yet military, in her aspect. She reminded me of a little female soldier, though, to be sure, I'd never seen one, but we all know there's plenty of fighting ability in the sex.

I was wading through a pile of proof, with the faded brain of an overworked journalist, when she made her appearance. Two of my staff were down with typhoid, and an evening contemporary had basely taken advantage of the breach in my ranks to draw public attention to the fact by remarking that "the Standard was falling behind the times." I was deep in a pen and ink warfare—a two-columned editorial, which annihilated my mean antagonist—when she entered my private office. It was an inopportune visit, I thought, and I did not dissimulate. I looked up with the glow of battle still upon my cheek and its fire in my eye.

"Madam, I have nothing to-day for the 'Prisons Flower Mission,' or for the 'Society of Art Needle-work to Elevate the Masses'; not a cent, even to contribute to the 'Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children'; but if you are forming a 'Society for the Protection of Men in Office Hours,' I'm your man. My subscription shall be sent in tomorrow, and I promise you it shall be a handsome one."

My lady atom laughed in my face, but so prettily I forgave her.

"I'm not a collector for charitable objects," she said.

"Oh, you're not?" I answered; and then a deadly suspicion grew upon me, causing me to resume my faithful old weapon of sarcasm in my hour of peril.

"I am a plain civilian; have *never* occupied the position of a colonel, much more the distinguished one of a private soldier. Deplorable, is it not? But I have no 'Army Reminiscences.' Fortunately, the nation's already sufficiently accoutred, but I've no book on the "War" to foist on an insatiable public. I state it positively."

Again she laughed.

"I am not a canvasser," she said.

A yet darker possibility loomed before me. "Talk not to me of 'Wheeler & Wilson,'" I cried, desperately, "nor of a 'Singer.' I wouldn't give an old song for the whole crew."

"I am not a sewing machine agent" was her calm reply.

"Nor a spiritualist, nor a faith cure, nor a W. C. T. T., nor a Salvation Army captain?" I went on, skipping from alp to alp. "To what, then, am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" "To a business proposition for our mutual advantage," she answered, briskly.

"Proceed," I said.

"I will. You wouldn't guess my last stopping place. Florida; just come from there this morning. I keep three 'weeklies' supplied with matter on that subject. But what specially brought me here to-day's that I'm on my way to Mexico."

I remembered a story I'd read in my boyhood called 'The Travelled Ant,' and I looked at her with new interest and reviving confidence.

"I'm good for three articles a week for the 'Railway Guide' and one a month for the 'International'; three prominent periodicals pay high for occasional contributions on Mexican scenery. Now, the manners and customs of that country will go a long way, and, if you like, I will keep these for the Standard. Skilfully handled, the subject could be made useful as popular reading, and would suit a paper that is always up with the times."

She had seen that villainous slander of the Tribune, then, for she looked at me and audaciously smiled.

"How many papers do you write for?" at last I said.

"Well, over thirty a month," she answered; "some East, some out West. I am quite cos-

mopolitan, you see. Travelling takes up a good deal of time. Sometimes I go by stage out West. But should my route be by rail or steamer, I can do my work for the press as easily as in a private room at an hotel."

I looked at this new order of beings, the female journalist, standing before me, a strange specimen of pluck, energy and ability, and I felt a deep business admiration stirring within me.

"You seem to think nothing of running over the continent," I ejaculated. "I presume you like it; but your expenses must swallow up all the profits."

"Not a bit of it," rejoined she; "I get passes on all the railroads. They open up the country, and the railway companies are glad enough to get some one to write it up, too. I do real good work for every inch they carry me."

"That goes without saying," I answered, bowing.

Then, after a little business arrangement, my strange visitor departed, first mentioning a name well known to the press East and West. When and where we may meet again I know not; those little feet may have traversed the snows of the wild Northwest or the vast prairies first. But of one thing I am sure: those regular contributions to the Standard will never fail. My female journalist is indeed a Modern Titan.

Montreal.

AKAN ADIAN.

## MARIAN.

A PROVENÇAL FOLK SONG.

"Mount as passa ta Matinado.  
Mourbieu  
Marioun."

O where have you spent your morning, tell,  
Yes, you, Marian?  
Why, drawing water down at the well,  
Tis true, good man.  
Who met you and whispered in your ear,  
Yes, you, Marian?  
'Twas one of the village girls, oh hear,  
Tis true, good man.  
Ain't a girl in breeches a novel sight,  
Say you, Marian?  
Well, perhaps her skirt was a trifle tight,  
Tis true, good man.  
A girl with a sword! I've ne'er seen one,  
Have you, Marian?  
Well, her distaff hung down as she spun,  
Tis true, good man.  
Has a girl a mustache? Come, that's a good joke,  
For you, Marian!  
She was eating mulberries as she spoke,  
Tis true, good man.  
I never knew mulberries ripen in May,  
Did you, Marian?  
A bunch might be left from last year, I dare say,  
Tis true, good man.  
Go gather a basketful, then, for me,  
Yes, you, Marian!  
But the birds may have eaten them since, you see,  
Tis true, good man.  
Come, say your prayers now, I'll cut off your head,  
Yes, you, Marian.  
But what will you do with the body when dead,  
Tell true, good man?  
Oh, out of the window I'll fling it, you beast,  
Yes, you, Marian.  
That the cats and dogs may all come to the feast,  
Tell true, good man?  
I'll do for you this time, though for it I'll swing,  
Yes, you, Marian.  
But a rope around one's neck is an unpleasant thing,  
Tis true, good man.  
You bad, lying scratch cat, I'll blacken your eye,  
Yes, you, Marian.  
'Twas my cousin, the conscript, who bade me good-bye,  
Tis true, good man.  
What, Jean? Then why couldn't you say at once,  
Yes, you, Marian?  
'Cause I like to tease you a bit, you old dunce,  
Tis true, good man.  
You tease me too much, 'tis a shame and a crime,  
Yes, you, Marian.  
Well, just keep your temper another time.  
I'm true, good man.

M. R. WELD in the Academy.

As the annual local consumption in France of brandy is 12,000,000 gallons, and the yearly product only 13,000,000 gallons, American lovers of eau de vie are wondering what the stuff is which comes across the Atlantic labeled as French brandy. Scientific experts say that most of it is cheap German spirits, flavored with cunningly devised extracts and cordials.



Philadelphia girl (at the sea shore)—"Do you ever find bottles which tell of wrecks?" Native—"Yes, mum, often—empty ones."

The facetious father of a pair of twin babies complained that although they filled the house with music, he could not tell one heir from another.

"Yes," she said, "the waves in a storm remind me of our hired girls at home." "Hired girls, madame?" "Yes, they are such awful breakers."

"Robbie," said a visitor, kindly, "have you any little brothers or sisters?" "No," replied wee Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."

"How many deaths?" asked a hospital physician. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes; but one would not take it," was the startling reply.

Young mother (to butcher)—"I have brought my little baby, Mr. Bullwinkle. Will you kindly weigh him?" Butcher—"Yes, ma'am; bones an' all, I s'pose?"

Man is awfully smart in some things, but nobody has yet discovered one that could jam a hat pin clear through his head and make it come out on the other side, as the women do.

"Hello! where are you going at this time of night?" said a gentleman to his servant. "You are after no good, I'll warrant." "Please, sir, mistress sent me for you, sir," was the response.

A cynical man says that there are two occasions when he would like to be present. One is when the gas company pays its water bill; the other is when the water company pays its gas bill.

"Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet?" "Yis, sorr." "Have you seen him?" "No, sorr." "Then how do you know he's home?" "'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."

At Coney Island—He: "Do you see that peculiar cloud in the horizon?" She: "I don't know which one you mean." "I mean that one that looks like a dog." "O, yes, I see it now. It's a regular sky terrier."

Advertisers often give us amusing specimens of composition, of which this is an example: "Lost by a poor lad tied up in a brown paper with a white string a German flute with an overcoat on and several other articles of wearing apparel."

First Scotch farmer, selling—"It's a guid horse, but I maun tell ye it's got a fault—it's a wee gi'en tae run awa' wi' ye." Second Scotch farmer, buying—"If that's a', it'll dae fine. Man, the last horse I had was gi'en to rinnin' awa' without me!"

The lecturer put his foot in it when he prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with, "I must beg you to give me your united attention; indeed it is absolutely impossible that you form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

"Yes, boys," said old Bellows, proudly beating his breast, "I've been a soldier in my time, and, if I do say it myself, like the war-horse of Scripture, I could ever scent the battle from afar." "I s'pose," ventured young Paperwhite, "that on very many occasions that saved your life."

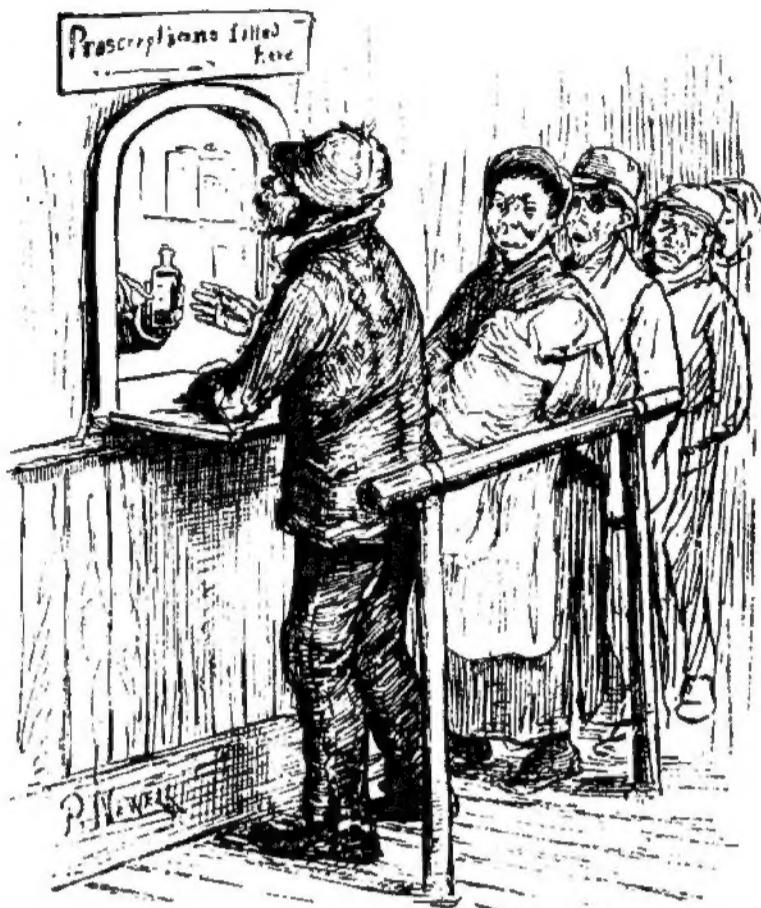
A gentleman said to the waiter of his club: "Michael, if I should die, would you attend my funeral?" "Willingly, sir," was the hasty answer. "Well, Michael, that isn't very complimentary." "No, sir, I didn't mane that, sir; I wouldn't be seen there, sir," was the waiter's consolatory reply.

"My son, John," said Mrs. Spriggins, "is a-doin' very well. I didn't know that the boy had any literary tastes, but he's gone square into the writin' business, and I suppose he'll be a great author some of these days. He's only an underwriter now, but he expects to be promoted before long."

It is not surprising that foreigners sometimes fail to catch all the shades of meaning belonging to our words. A Frenchman translated Shakespeare's line, "Out, brief candle," by "Get out, you short candle." And the expression, "With my sword I will carve my way to fortune," was rendered, "With my sword I will make my fortune cutting meat."

"What is it that makes the rich man richer and the poor man poorer?" shouted a Socialist orator the other evening. The proper answer to this question should have been "monopoly," and the orator waited for some one to give it. He was therefore very much disgusted when a newly-fledged member, who had not been properly posted, got up and yelled, "Beer!"

Cholly—"You look tired, old fel'; watcher been doing?" Dolly (briefly)—"Literary work." Cholly (surprisedly)—"Don't say! What branch, old man?" Dolly—"Well, you see, I know a man who writes for papers, and this morning he asked me to help him count the words in an article he was going to send down town. Mighty hard work, I assure you. Almost as hard as writing, don't-cher-know?"



BEFORE MEALS.

**PRESCRIPTION CLERK:** You are to take a teaspoonful before each meal—three times a day.

**NOBODY'S DARLING.** Ya-a-s; but, boss, where am I to get the meals?

If doctors were only as wise as they look there wouldn't be any sickness in this world to speak of.

There is a time when the laziest man can hurry. It is when the train stops ten minutes for refreshments.

There is at least one play that is immortal, and that is "Hamlet," because it will never "give up the ghost."

"I saw a fly walking in an hourglass the other day," said Mr. Caution. "He was making footprints on the sands of time."

Foggs—Just look at that absurd hat! Why, it's as tall as a steeple! Hoggs—What's odd about that? Isn't there a belle under it?

It is stated by experienced persons that a lark, which is an excellent think to rise with, is an extremely bad thing to go to bed on.

"Isn't the baby a wee little thing for seven months?" "Oh, not so very. He's small naturally. They feed him on condensed milk.

Two children "are making" conundrums at a party. One asks: "At what time was Adam married?" "Give it up." "On his wedding Eve."

Irate matron—Never, sir; never will you marry my daughter with my consent. I hate the very sight of you, sir, and I wish I could find some way to make you miserable. Obnoxious suitor—Well, then, why don't you become my mother-in-law?

A Frenchman of this city having received the photograph of a lady, asked a friend what was customary under the circumstances. "Compliment it," said the friend. "Tell her its beauty is very rare." "I beg to make zee acknowledgment, madame," he said to her at their next meeting. "Zee beauty of madame is vair scarce."

An Iowa woman lost her false teeth a few mornings since. She searched all over the bed and could not find them. Then she felt a burning and gnawing pain in her stomach, and concluded she had swallowed them. Her symptoms became alarming and she was about to send for the doctor, when the lost teeth were found between the feather and straw ticks.



## Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **TUESDAY**, the 23rd day of October next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after **TUESDAY**, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further: a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department, however, does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.



## St. Lawrence Canals.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **Tuesday**, the 25th day of September next, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after **Tuesday**, the 11th day of September next, at this office for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:

For the works at Galops, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places men-

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$6,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works, and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$4,000.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

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